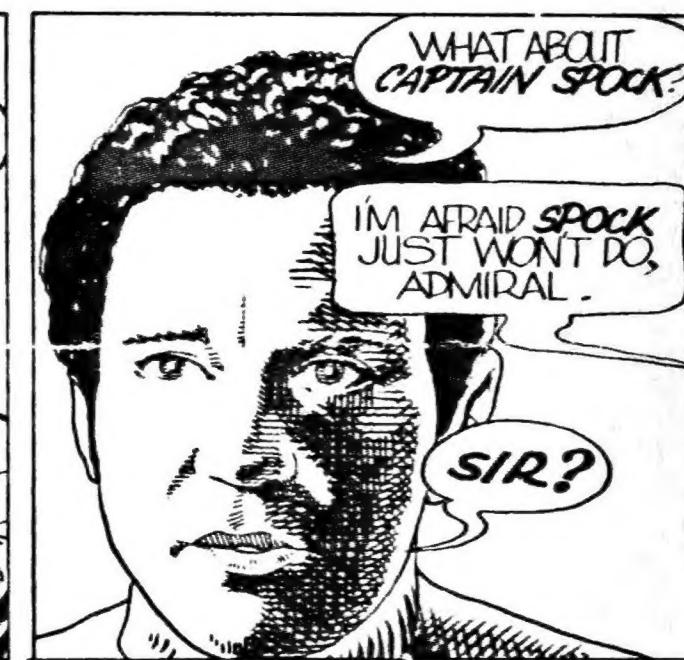


**STAR TREK**

CONWAY/MYERS







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ADVERS  
2-18

ADVERS  
2-19





UN-CLONED HUMANS  
ALWAYS RESPOND  
IRRATICALLY WHEN  
FIRST CONFRONTED  
BY ONE OF OUR KIND.

COMMANDER  
SCOTT'S  
REACTION  
WAS  
EXTREME--

--BUT HARDLY  
UNUSUAL.

MAY WE SUGGEST  
IMMEDIATE  
DEPARTURE?  
IT IS URGENT THAT  
WE DELIVER OUR  
MESSAGE WITHOUT DELAY!!

30% IN ENGINEERING...

FREAKS!!

STAN

IF THEY  
COME DOWN  
HERE—

ADMIRAL, YOU ARE  
IN COMMAND.  
BY RIGHT, THE  
CAPTAIN'S CHAIR  
IS YOURS.

THANK YOU, SPOCK.  
JUST BETWEEN  
THE TWO OF US...

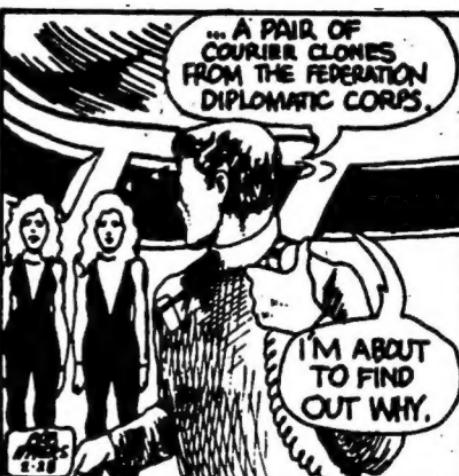
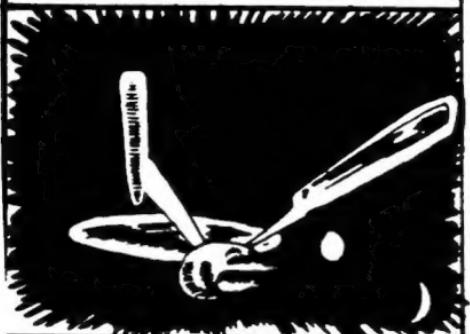
I WOULDN'T TRADE  
THIS CONSOLE FOR  
ALL THE DESKS  
AT  
STARFLEET COMMAND.

MR. SULLY...  
TAKE HER OUT

CAPTAIN'S LOG: THE ENTERPRISE IS EN ROUTE TO THE SANGOR PRINCIPALITY, BEARING A PROXY-40. MESSAGE OF PEACE.

...BUT PEACE, IT SEEMS, IS FAR FROM THE MINDS OF CERTAIN CREW MEMBERS.

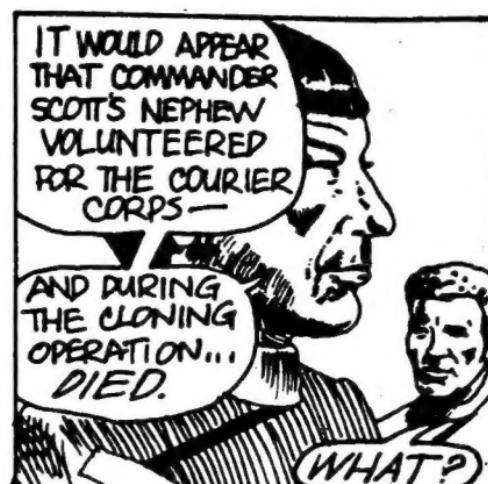
...A PAIR OF COURIER CLONES FROM THE FEDERATION DIPLOMATIC CORPS.





"PRETENDING IGNORANCE, I QUESTIONED THE COURIER CLONES ABOUT THEIR PECULIAR BRANCH OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS..."





CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 9782.87:

"I'VE JUST LEARNED THE TRAGIC REASON BEHIND COMMANDER SCOTT'S HATRED OF OUR PASSENGERS, TWO DIPLOMATIC CLONES..."



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DO ITTERS  
3 - 7

SCOTTY, I—AH—COMMANDERED SOME ROMULAN BRANDY FROM DR. MCCOY'S PRIVATE STORES. FOR MEDICINAL USE ONLY, OF COURSE.



WHY DON'T WE TALK ABOUT IT?

TELL ME ABOUT YOUR NEPHEW.



I COME FROM A CLANNISH PEOPLE, ADMIRAL.

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TO US, IT'S FAMILY THAT MATTERS MOST.

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YOU KNOW HOW IT IS FOR WE WHO'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH SPACE, ADMIRAL, WE RARELY MARRY.

DO ITTERS  
3 - 8



SO, WHAT FAMILY WE HAVE IS WHAT WE'RE BORN WITH.

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MY NIECES AND NEPHEWS, THEY'RE LIKE THE CHILDREN I'LL NEVER HAVE... AND THAT'S THE PROBLEM.



OF ALL MY FAMILY,  
I THINK I LOVED MY  
NEPHEW BRIAN THE  
MST.

YOU'D HAVE  
LIKED HIM,  
ADMIRAL.

HE WAS A BRIGHT LAD,  
QUICK WITH HIS HANDS.

HE HAD  
THE TOUCH,  
YEE, THE  
GIFT.

WHAT'S SCOTTY  
LEADING UP TO?

DOO MIRRORS  
3 9

BRIAN GRADUATED  
FROM EDINBURG  
TECH EIGHT  
MONTHS AGO.

I'D ARRANGED  
A COMMISSION  
FOR HIM TO  
STARFLEET—

--BUT HE  
TURNED IT  
DOWN, AND  
VOLUNTEERED  
FOR THE  
DIPLOMATIC  
COURIER  
CORPS  
INSTEAD.

AND THEY KILLED HIM, ADMIRAL!  
THEY KILLED  
MY NEPHEW  
AS SURELY  
AS IF THEY'D  
SHOT HIM  
DEAD!!

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, THEY SAID. SOMETHING  
WENT WRONG DURING THE CLONING  
PROCEDURE.

ALL I KNOW  
IS MY DEAR  
NEPHEW --  
DIED!!

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AYE, THEY'RE FREAKS--HEATHEN  
MONSTERS WHOSE LIKE KILLED  
MY LADDIE!

I GLAME 'EM  
SIR! I  
BLAME  
'EM  
ALL!!

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ANY LUCK  
TALKING  
SENSE TO  
OUR ANGRY  
ENGINEER  
IN CHARGE?

I MAKE A POOR  
CONFESSOR,  
BONES.

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NONSENSE, JIM.  
I'M SURE  
SCOTTY  
WAS  
GLAD TO  
SEE YOU.

ADMIRAL  
3-12

ACTUALLY,  
HE WAS  
MORE  
GLAD TO  
SEE YOUR  
ROMULAN  
BRANDY.

MY WHAT?  
YOU DIDN'T--  
TELL ME YOU  
DON'T!!

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**S**TARDATE 9582.92: THE U.S.S.  
ENTERPRISE EN ROUTE  
TO THE SANGDOOR  
PRINCIPALITY...

TELL  
ME  
IT'S  
NOT  
TRUE,  
JIM?

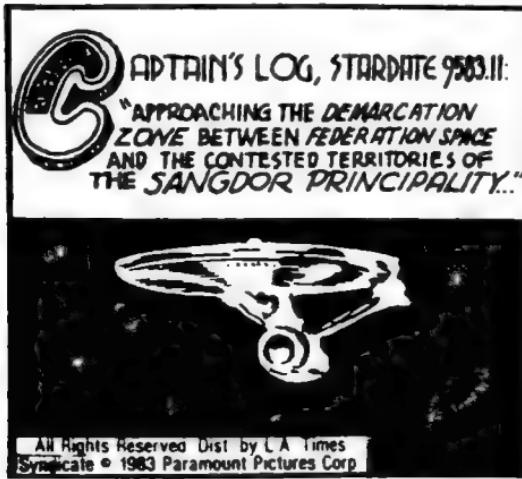


I'M WOUNDED, JIM. TO THINK THAT A STARFLEET ADMIRAL WOULD STEAL A DOCTOR'S MEDICINAL BRANDY.

POSSESSION OF ROMULAN BRANDY IS ILLEGAL, BONES. BESIDES, I NEEDED TO PUT SCOTTY AT EASE.

- SO I COULD FIND OUT WHY HE HAS SUCH A HATE FOR OUR PASSENGERS, THOSE TWO DIPLOMATIC COURIER CLONES.

NOW I KNOW.





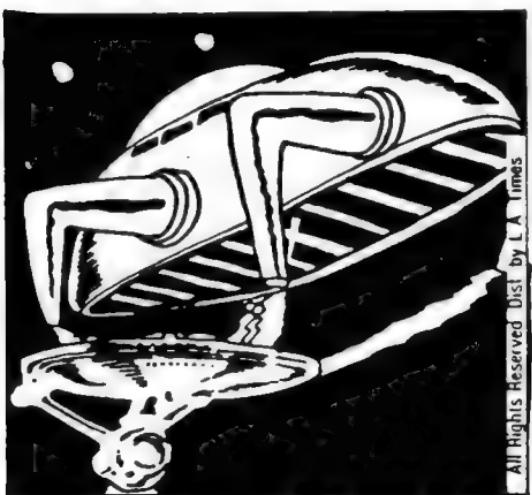
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DAMAGE REPORTS INDICATE WE HAVE SUSTAINED INJURY TO OUR MAIN CONVERTERS. ADMIRAL - BUT SO HAS THE SANGOR WARSHIP WHICH ATTACKED US.

RIGHT NOW, SPOCK, I WANT TO KNOW WHY SCOTTY DESERTED HIS POST DURING BATTLE STATIONS!!

ADMIRAL KIRK, CAPTAIN SPOCK - COME QUICKLY!

EH ?  
YEOMAN FLYNN?  
WHAT'S WRONG?

C-COMMANDER SCOTT, SIR,  
H-HE'S KILLED LYSSA!!



**C**APTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 9583.18:  
"WE SUMMONED DR MC COY TO THE  
COURIER CLONES' CABIN; HE  
REACTION JUST AS WE DID..."



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THERE SEEMS  
NO ROOM FOR DOUBT,  
DOCTOR. THIS YOUNG  
WOMAN IS DEAD...  
AND COMMANDER SCOTT  
WAS DISCOVERED WITH  
THE MURDER WEAPON.



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FOR HEAVEN'S  
SAKE,  
SPOCK, ARE  
YOU ACCUSING  
SCOTTY OF  
MURDER?!



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MURDERER! YOU KILLED LYSSA - BUT  
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER SISTER?!!  
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER TWIN?!!  
YOU LOUSY -

SOCK!



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LUGH

CRACK!



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JIM... SPOCK...  
I HEARD SOMETHING FROM THAT  
CLOSET DOOR!!



I THINK  
YOU'RE RIGHT,  
BONES.  
I HEAR  
WIMPERING.

SOMEONE'S  
INSIDE  
BUT THE  
LOOKING  
MECHANISM'S  
BREAKS.  
WE HAVE TO--  
UHH---

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GOOD HEAVENS.

MM-MM-  
MM-MM-

WELL, BONES?  
YOU'VE HAD  
HER FOR  
ALMOST AN  
HOUR. WHEN  
CAN SHE  
TALK?!

PERHAPS NEVER, JIM.  
SHE'S CATATONIC.

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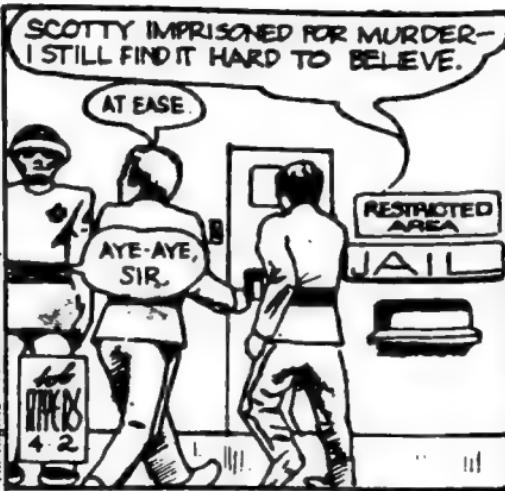
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IF SHE CAN'T TESTIFY OTHERWISE--  
THE EVIDENCE AGAINST SCOTTY  
IS ALL BUT CONCLUSIVE!!

HE'LL BE  
COURT-MARTIALED  
FOR MURDER--  
AND AS  
RANKING  
OFFICER  
I'LL HAVE TO  
SENTENCE  
HIM TO  
DEATH!!

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AREN'T YOU FORGETTING SOMETHING ELSE,  
JIM - SOMETHING THAT MAKES SCOTTY'S  
PREDICAMENT ALMOST UNIMPORTANT -?









# CAPTAIN'S LOG

Star date 9587.2 :  
Power levels dangerously  
low, the Enterprise  
stands dead in space...

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IMPOSSIBLE JIM!  
SURRENDERING TO THE  
SANGDOR—WHEN WE'VE  
COME ON A  
MISSION OF PEACE—

—IT'S  
UNTHINKABLE!

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4-12

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ADMIRAL KIRK—  
THE JAMMING'S  
STOPPED! WE'RE  
RECEIVING A  
MESSAGE  
FROM THE  
SANGDOR  
COMMANDER!!

H-H-HE'S ASKING  
FOR  
UNCONDITIONAL  
SURRENDER!!!

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I THINK I KNOW THE ANSWER  
TO THAT ONE,  
GENTLEMEN:

STALL,  
LIEUTENANT.  
SPOCK, MCPOY—  
YOU COME WITH  
ME!!!

WE'VE LOST POWER FOR EVERYTHING  
EXCEPT LIFE SUPPORT AND  
PARTIAL SHIELDS.

THE NEXT PHOTON  
TORPEDO LAUNCHED  
AGAINST THE  
ENTERPRISE  
MAY WELL  
BE THE  
LAST!!

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A VERY SLIM CHANCE, SPOCK. WE NEED TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR DIPLOMAT'S—HOW ONE OF THEM WAS KILLED. AND WE NEED TO DECIDE THE PEACE MESSAGE THE TWO OF THEM CARRIED IN THEIR GENETIC CODE.

SICK BAY

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BUT WE KNOW WHO KILLED THIS GIRL'S SISTER, JIM—SCOTTY. HE WAS PRACTICALLY CAUGHT IN THE ACT.



I DON'T BELIEVE THAT ANY MORE THAN YOU DO, BONES.

BUT WELL SOON LEARN THE TRUTH VIA VULCAN MIND-LINK.

14  
MYERS  
9-14



YOU'RE GOING TO FORCE SPOCK TO ENTER  
INTO MIND-LINK WITH A CATATONIC GIRL?

LL  
MYERS  
4-15

JIM THE  
**RISK!**  
IT COULD  
DAMAGE SPOCK'S  
BRAIN!

NEED I  
REMIND  
YOU,  
DOCTOR,  
I AM A  
VULCAN,  
NOT  
A  
HUMAN—  
AND MY  
**DRIVE**  
HAS  
SURVIVED  
GREATER  
RISKS  
THAN  
**THIS.**

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HRRMMPH. IS IT  
MY PARANOIA,  
OR DOES HE  
SAY THESE  
THINGS JUST  
TO **ANNNOY**  
ME?

I ASSURE YOU,  
COMMANDER,  
WE WILL  
RESPOND TO  
YOUR  
ULTIMATUM  
JUST AS  
SOON AS WE  
CAN REACH  
THE  
CAPTAIN.

WE ARE  
HAVING  
DIFFICULTY  
WITH OUR  
SHIPBOARD  
COMMUNICATIONS.  
YOUR LAST  
TORPEDO  
DAMAGED  
OUR  
MAIN  
COMPUTER.

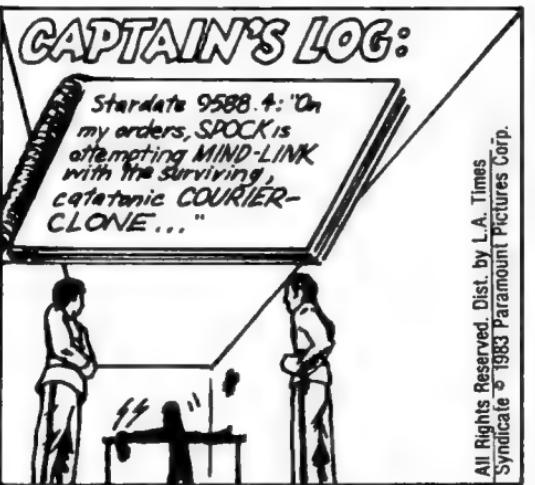
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LL  
MYERS  
4-16

WELL, I  
TRIED.  
DO YOU  
THINK  
HE  
**BROUGHT**  
IT?

LOOKS THAT  
WAY,  
LIEUTENANT.  
WE'LL  
KNOW IN  
MOMENTS.

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BLAST IT, JIM, I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN.  
WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET SPOCK ATTEMPT TO MIND-LINK WITH A CATATONIC—



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I CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
IT —  
SHE GOT  
AWAY!!!

I KNEW  
COURIER  
CLONES  
WERE BRED  
GENETICALLY  
TO BE  
STRONGER  
THAN THE REST  
OF US - BUT  
THAT STRONG-?



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YOU WERE IN  
MIND-LINK WITH  
HER, SPOCK. ANY  
GUESS WHERE  
SHE MIGHT  
GO?

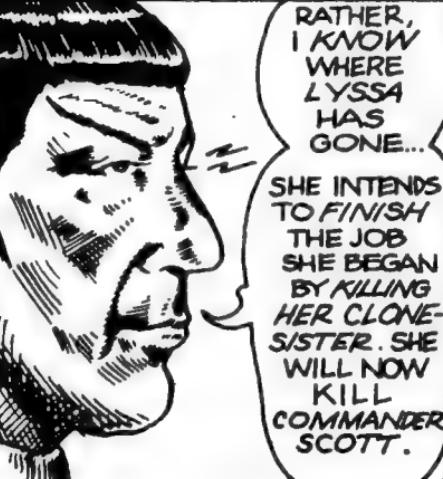
NO ADMIRAL...  
NO GUESSES.



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RATHER,  
I KNOW  
WHERE  
LYSSA  
HAS  
GONE...

SHE INTENDS  
TO FINISH  
THE JOB  
SHE BEGAN  
BY KILLING  
HER CLONE-  
SISTER. SHE  
WILL NOW  
KILL  
COMMANDER  
SCOTT.



CONTINUED DELAY  
UNACCEPTABLE.  
DEMAND IMMEDIATE  
RESPONSE TO  
SURRENDER  
ULTIMATUM.



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THAT'S THAT.  
I'M AFRAID. NO  
MORE STALLING.

I'D BETTER  
CONTACT  
ADMIRAL KIRK.



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BRIDGE TO  
SICKBAY. IS  
ADMIRAL KIRK  
THERE?



YOU  
JUST MISSED  
HIM, LIEUTENANT.  
BUT I'M NOT  
SURPRISED.  
THIS WHOLE  
SHIP HAS TURNED  
INTO A MADHOUSE!

# CAPTAIN'S LOG:

STARDATE 9988.8: "CAPTAIN SPOCK HAS UNCOVERED AN UGLY SECRET WHILE MIND-LINKING WITH THE COURIER-CRONE, LYSSA..."

IT WOULD APPEAR THE CLONE, LYSSA.2, NEVER FULLY ADAPTED TO HER SHARED LIFE, ADMIRAL.



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JEALOUS OF HER CLONE-SISTER... WHOM SHE IMAGINED WAS RECEIVING GREATER ATTENTION FROM ENSIGN FLYNN...

... SHE MURDERED LYSSA.1, AND, IN A WAY, BY DOING SO, MURDERED HERSELF.



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YOU'RE OVER MY HEAD, SPOCK - BUT FOR NOW, I'LL ACCEPT WHAT YOU SAY...



I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY SHE'S OUT TO KILL

CAMP-VII

TELL YOU, UHURA, KIRK AND SPOCK ARE GONE - AND SO'S MY PATIENT!



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IT'S THE CAPTAIN OF THE SANGDOR PICKET SHIP, DOCTOR MC COY.



HE WANTS TO SPEAK TO ADMIRAL KIRK - RIGHT NOW - OR HE'LL BLAST THE ENTERPRISE TO BITS!!

WHY ARE YOU SO ALL-FIRED DESPERATE TO REACH THEM, ANYWAY??

BE CAREFUL, ADMIRAL. WHEN THE TURBO ELEVATOR STOPS - WE MAY FIND OURSELVES UNDER FIRE!



COOL AS EVER EH, SPOCK?

4-26



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FEB 27



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**C**APTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 5588.9  
"SPOCK IS ATTEMPTING TO BREAK  
THE DIPLOMATIC CIPHER  
WHICH KEEPS THE FEDERATION'S  
PEACE MESSAGE LOCKED AWAY  
IN THIS UNCONSCIOUS CLONE'S GENETIC  
CODE ..."



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"... A FEAT WHICH MAY WELL PROVE  
IMPOSSIBLE. IF SPOCK FAILS, WAR  
BETWEEN THE FEDERATION AND  
THE SANGDOR PRINCIPALITY  
WILL CONTINUE ..."



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"... WITH THE ENTERPRISE AS  
THE NEXT CASUALTY. I CAN ONLY  
HOPE..."



THERE SHE GOES, GENTLEMEN, BACK  
TO HER HOME PLANET. TO REPORT  
ON OUR PEACE MESSAGE TO THE  
LORDS OF THE SANGDOR PRINCIPALITY.



"... AND JUDGING BY THE REACTION  
OF THAT PICKET SHIPS COMMANDER,  
I'D SAY WE'LL HAVE A SIGNED  
PEACE TREATY WITHIN A MONTH."



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"NOT WITHOUT  
SOME PROBLEMS  
ALONG THE WAY,  
EH, SPOCK?"



IT'S GOOD TO BE  
HEADING HOME,  
BONES.

HOW'S  
YOUR  
PRISONER-  
PATIENT,  
BY THE  
WAY?

THE LYSSA  
CLONE? CAT-  
ATONIC AGAIN  
— THIS TIME  
PERMANENTLY  
I EXPECT.

SOMEHOW, IT SEEMS  
ALMOST A FITTING  
PUNISHMENT  
FOR HER CRIMES.  
AND—  
SPEAKING OF  
CRIMES —

-I BELIEVE I  
STOLE A BOTTLE  
OF THIS FROM  
YOU, A LITTLE  
WHILE BACK?

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THERE'S STILL  
SOME LEFT...  
JUST ENOUGH  
FOR ONE TOAST.

WHAT WILL WE  
DRINK TO, JIM?

CONSIDERING ALL WE'VE  
BEEN THROUGH, BONES,  
I CAN THINK OF ONLY  
ONE THING ...

TO PEACE.

AMEN.

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bob  
MYERS  
5-7

LAST:  
GOODBYE TO SPOCK!